

The Helpless Crackling of Burnt Dreams

By Faruk Arda Yeğenoğlu

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Dreams, like the weeping trees blooming in spring,
Aspirations, unfulfilled aspirations, just as I desired.

In the blazing fire of dream's incense,
I'm helpless like a sinner burning in the fiery flames of hell, like a branch,
But what sin have I committed, all I desired was a dream.

I sinned only by dreaming, dreaming was my sin,
Aspirations, my given aspirations was my sin,
So why didn't it burn?
Why didn't it ignite in the incense,
Why did it burn me in those fiery flames of hell?

Perhaps its fire had caught onto another branch,
Yes, but it wasn't from a dry branch,
Maybe mine was a more moist branch,
Hence, it could burn a thousand times more, the fires of hell.

I burned, yes, I burned,
Helpless like a branch burning in flames,
I dried up in the fires of hell.
I'll find a dream like I used to do,
Something like a weeping branch burnt in the incense fire,
Now I am a dry branch too,
But I haven't fully dried yet,
I'll fuel my fire with my hell flames,
Me and my dreams will guard in that hellish fire.

But I hope one day my dreams won't turn to ash,
I hope my hellish fire won't turn it to ash,
But it won't turn to ash,
Its moist branch will keep me going,
Then I'll burn in the incense fire of dreams.

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